

VERTIGO
DC COMICS

no. **2**

JULY 99

\$2.50 US

\$3.95 CAN

SUGGESTED FOR
MATURE READERS

the vertigo **HORROR** anthology

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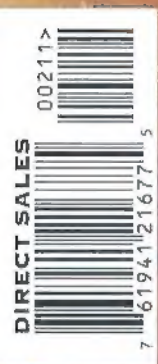
**DOWN
TO
THE
BONE**

three trips
into the darkness by

**DEAN MOTTER
& BILL SIENKIEWICZ**

**BRIAN AZZARELLO
& EDUARDO RISSO**

**BOB FINGERMAN
& PAT MCEOWN**



MAGGIE AND HER MICROSCOPE

DEAN MOTTER • WRITER

BILL SIENKIEWICZ • ARTIST

JOHN WORKMAN • LETTERER

SHERILYN VAN VALKENBURGH • COLORIST

DIGITAL CHAMELEON • SEPARATIONS

JOAN HILTY • EDITOR

MY NAME IS MAGGIE. I LIVE IN EAST GROBBLE. SPECIAL SCHOOL IS OUT FOR THE SUMMER, SO I CAN STAY HOME AND PLAY.

DADDY IS A SCIENTIST AND HE STUDIES DISEASES. HE HAS A LABORATORY ACROSS THE GARDEN WHERE HE WORKS. NOBODY IS ALLOWED IN THERE, NOT EVEN MRS. GOLDEN.

MRS. GOLDEN CAME TO HELP US AFTER MOMMY DIED. AT FIRST SHE JUST CAME OVER DURING THE WEEK, BUT NOW SHE LIVES HERE.

MY BEST FRIEND IS KITTY. HE IS A ORPHAN WHO CAME IN OUT OF THE RAIN ONE NIGHT. DADDY AND MRS. GOLDEN DON'T LIKE HIM MUCH.

THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE SMALL AND ALL ALONE, BUT I DO.

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Printed in Canada. DC Comics, a division of Warner Bros.—A Time Warner Entertainment Company



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I TOLD YOU, GILLIS!
THE "PLAGUE," AS YOU CALL
IT, IS STILL RESTRICTED
TO THE URBAN ANIMAL
SAMPLE FROM APRIL. I
HAVEN'T FOUND ANY CON-
TAMINATION IN LIVESTOCK OR
WILDLIFE. IT'S STRICTLY
DOMESTIC.

OF COURSE! I SPOKE
TO DANNY YESTER-
DAY. HE FINISHED
COLLECTING THE HUMAN
SUSCEPTIBILITY PRO-
JECTIONS LAST
WEEKEND. THERE'S
NOTHING THERE.
WE'RE CLEAN.

DADDY HAS SPENT ALL SUMMER TRYING
TO FIND A CURE FOR THE CITY ANIMALS.
HE SAYS THEY ARE PRETTY SICK.
LOTS OF THEM HAVE DIED. KITTY GOT
A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH, BUT WE
STILL DON'T LET HIM OUT OF THE
GARDEN.



WE WERE SUPPOSED
TO SPEND THE
SUMMER UP AT THE
COTTAGE. BUT THE
GERMS ARE MORE
IMPORTANT.

MRS GOLDEN WANTED
TO TAKE ME TO DAYCARE
TO BE WITH OTHER
CHILDREN. DADDY SAID
NO. HE SAYS I NEED
SPECIAL TENSION, ON
ACCOUNT OF MY
CONDITION.

DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD RECONSIDER SAINT MARTIN'S? AFTER ALL, I CAN'T FOLLOW HER AROUND ALL DAY, AND THERE ISN'T A LOT FOR HER TO DO HERE, THE NEIGHBORS ARE AWAY.

WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS, CHRISTINE. DOCTOR LAMB HAS TOLD US REPEATEDLY THAT HER AUTISM HAS TO BE MONITORED.

WHATEVER, YOU DON'T HAVE THE TIME TO DEVOTE TO HER RIGHT NOW. I HAVE TO CLEAN THIS HOUSE, SHE ENDS UP SPENDING THE WHOLE DAY WITH THAT FILTHY ANIMAL.

SOMETIMES I HEAR THEM TALKING ABOUT ME BEING ARTISTIC. THEY SOUND WORRIED, SO IF I DON'T TALK, MAYBE THEY WON'T THINK I AM SO ARTISTIC.

BUT WITH ALL YOUR WORK ON THE PLAGUE--

IT IS NOT A PLAGUE!

THE MATTER IS NOT OPEN FOR DISCUSSION--AND MAGGIE! DON'T FEED KITTY AT THE TABLE! I'VE TOLD YOU A THOUSAND TIMES!

MAGGIE! GET BACK HERE OR--

LET HER GO. YOU KNOW SHE WON'T EVEN LET US TOUCH HER WHEN SHE GETS LIKE THIS. DOCTOR LAMB SAYS SHE NEEDS--

SHE NEEDS A GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED SPANKING IS WHAT SHE NEEDS. HONESTLY!... WHEN YOU'RE NOT IGNORING HER, YOU'RE COODLING HER.

JUST... GET HER WASHED UP BEFORE SHE GOES TO BED, FOR GOD'S SAKE.

...YOU SHALL NOT BE CALLED 'THUMBELINA' ANY LONGER," SAID THE PRINCE. "IT IS AN UGLY NAME. FROM NOW ON, WE SHALL CALL YOU... 'QUEEN MAJA OF THE FLOWERS.'"

NOW THEN, MAGGIE, MY DEAR, IT'S A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP FOR YOU, AND MAYBE WE'LL GO SEE THE HORSES TOMORROW.

GOOD NIGHT.

HEY, SPROUT! CAREFUL WITH THAT. DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS?

THAT USED TO BE GRAMPA STANLEY'S MICROSCOPE. REMEMBER? HE USED THIS TO STUDY ALL THESE INSECTS WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY.

HERE, LOOK IN HERE. IT MAKES SMALL THINGS--

--BIGGER.



IF YOU CAME BACK TO THE CENTER WITH US, WE'D SET YOU UP.

YOU'D HAVE THE WHOLE ANNEX TO YOURSELF STAFF, EQUIPMENT, YOU NAME IT.

MAYBE WE CAN WORK OUT SOMETHING ELSE. I CAN'T LEAVE MY DAUGHTER RIGHT NOW. IT'S TOO SOON AFTER HER MOTHER'S DEATH.

IT'S NOT THAT, GILLIS. MAGGIE IS AN EXTREMELY DISTURBED CHILD. THE IDEA OF UPROOTING HER WORRIES ME.

SHE ALREADY DOESN'T EVEN SPEAK. A STRANGE ENVIRONMENT COULD CAUSE HER TO WITHDRAW EVEN MORE.

SHE CAN STAY IN THE DORM ON CAMPUS. I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYONE OBJECTING--

...I'LL THINK ABOUT IT. IN THE MEANTIME, LEAVE THE REST OF THE APRIL CULTURES. WE'LL WORK ON THEM DURING THE WEEK-END. I'LL GIVE YOU AN ANSWER MONDAY.

ALL RIGHT, BUT WE NEED YOU THERE, LOUIS. TIME IS RUNNING OUT. "APRIL DANCER" IS APPROACHING EPIDEMIC STATUS.

NO THE WORD "EPIDEMIC" PRESUMES HUMAN--

LET'S NOT GET INTO THAT AGAIN. WE'LL CALL YOU MONDAY.



I LOOKED AT THE GERMS FROM DADDY'S LAB. MAYBE IF I HELP HIM CURE THE ANIMALS WE WON'T HAVE TO GO AWAY. OR LEAVE ME ALONE WITH MRS. GOLDEN.



MAYBE WE COULD GO TO THE COTTAGE IN TIME FOR AUTUMN LEAVES? MOM LOVED THE LEAVES. I WISH WE HAD THE WHOLE FAMILY TO GO THERE AGAIN.



I LOOKED THROUGH THE MİKERSCOPE AND SAW THE MOMMY MAKING DINNER. THE DADDY AND JUNIOR ARE BRINGING FOOD HOME, AND THERE IS A LITTLE GIRL PLAYING. THEY LOOK SO HAPPY.

MAYBE I CAN FIND A WAY TO HELP THE ANIMALS AND NOT KILL THE FAMILY.





NOW, WHILE I'M AWAY, I WANT YOU TO BE ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR MRS. GOLDEN...

SURE, DAD. MAY I HAVE SOME EXTRA APPLE PIE?

WHA--?

I NEED SOME EXTRA PIE, PLEASE. IT'S FOR MY NEW FRIENDS. IT'S NOT FOR KITTY, HONEST.



NEW FRIENDS --?

YES, THE FAMILY. THEY'RE IN THE MIKESCOPE.

I'LL-UH-I'LL BE BACK AT THE END OF THE WEEK. PROMISE YOU'LL BE GOOD, NOW...

SURE, DAD. I PROMISE. I HAVE TO STAY HERE AND TAKE CARE OF THE GERM FAMILY ANYWAYS. HAVE A GOOD TRIP. BRING ME BACK A SNOWBALL, OKAY? EXCUSE ME, NOW.

MAYBE IF I GIVE THE FAMILY SOME FOOD-- MAYBE IF I THREW THEM A PARTY THEY'LL STOP HURTING THE ANIMALS AND DADDY WON'T HAVE TO KILL THEM.



THE FAMILY HAD A PARTY. UNTIL THE BIG MEANIE SPOILED EVERYTHING.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE CAME FROM, BUT HE LOOKED DIFFERENT AND BIGGER THAN EVERYBODY ELSE.

FINALLY THE DADDY AND JUNIOR AND THEIR FRIENDS THREW HIM OUT. AT FIRST HE WOULDN'T GO. BUT THEY KEPT HIM OUT. AND HE WENT AWAY MAD.

THAT'S QUITE A STORY, MAGGIE.

WHEN DADDY COMES BACK, I WANT TO SHOW HIM THE GERM FAMILY. THEY'RE REALLY QUITE NICE. MAYBE WE WON'T HAVE TO KILL THEM.



IF WE'RE NICE TO THE GERMS, THEY'LL STOP HURTING THE ANIMALS.

MAGGIE--THESE GERMS. DID YOU GET THEM FROM YOUR FATHER'S LABORATORY?



YES, MA'AM. BUT I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP. PLEASE DON'T TELL HIM.

WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT TOMORROW. GOOD NIGHT.

MAGGIE! COME TO LUNCH! FOR PETE'S SAKE! I'VE CALLED YOU THREE TIMES NOW!

THE MATTER IS NOT OPEN FOR DISCUSSION, CHRISTINE.



I MEAN IT! YOUR FATHER IS COMING HOME TONIGHT, AND I WANT YOU SCRUBBED AND SHAMPOOED, YOU LOOK LIKE A STREET URCHIN.

MEEOWWWW

AND FEED THE CAT! YOU'VE BEEN NEGLECTING HIM FOR DAYS NOW! YOU DON'T WANT ME TO SEND HIM TO THE POUND, DO YOU?

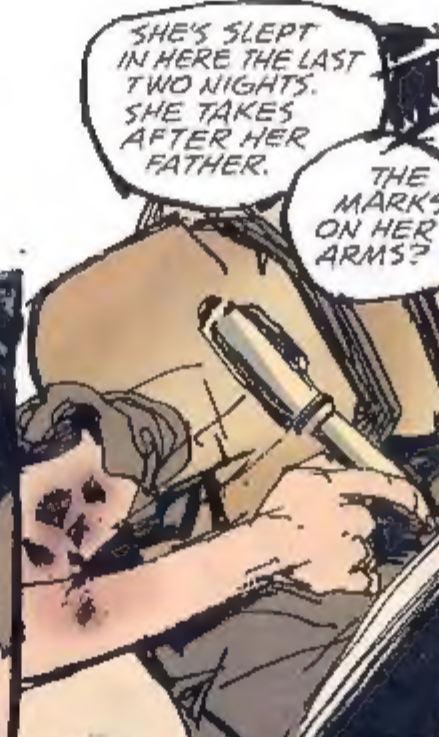


HOW'S MAGGIE?

WELL, SHE TALKED A BLUE STREAK FOR THE FIRST TWO DAYS, THAT IS WHEN SHE WASN'T GLUED TO HER MICROSCOPE. THEN SHE WITHDREW COMPLETELY. IT'S LIKE SHE CRAWLED INSIDE THAT THING. SHE REALLY SHOULD BE AT SAINT MARTIN'S...

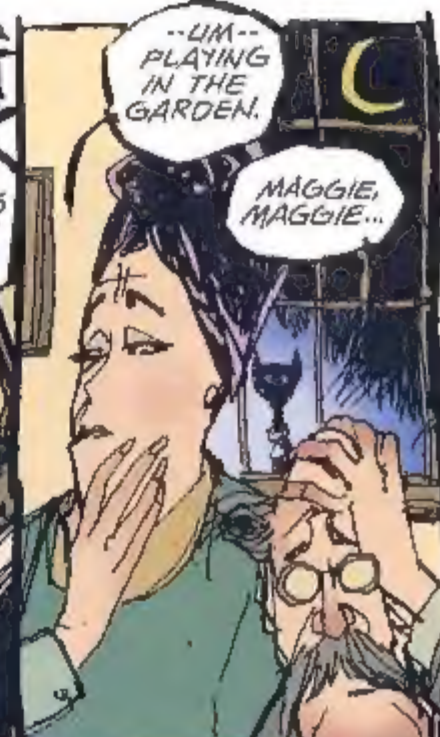


HOW COME SHE'S NOT IN BED? SHE LOOKS EXHAUSTED.



SHE'S SLEPT IN HERE THE LAST TWO NIGHTS. SHE TAKES AFTER HER FATHER.

THE MARKS ON HER ARMS?



--UM-- PLAYING IN THE GARDEN.

MAGGIE, MAGGIE...



MEOW W

QUIET, CAT!



EEEEEE YEEEE!



NNNNHH! NNNHHH!



MAGGIE!

THE WHOLE FAMILY IS SICK. I BROUGHT THEM BREAKFAST TODAY, BUT THEY DON'T EAT. THE HOUSE IS DIRTY BECAUSE THE MOMMY IS TOO SICK TO CLEAN IT. THE LITTLE GIRL IS SLEEPING ON OWFUL LOT, THE DADDY AND JUNIOR WENT OFF HUNTING...



SHE'S SLIPPING INTO COMA. CALL EASTERN GENERAL AND GET AN EDS OUT HERE RIGHT AWAY!



THAT'S RIGHT. #21 GOODWIN ARCHES. AT THE BASE OF THE CIRCLE, JUST AFTER THE STABLES. THE GATE WILL BE OPEN. THANK YOU.



THE MOMMY WAS LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW WHEN THE BIG MEONIE CAME BOCK. HE LOOKS EVEN BIGGER THAN BEFORE AND HE IS MOVING AROUND FUNNY, LIKE HE'S DIZZY.

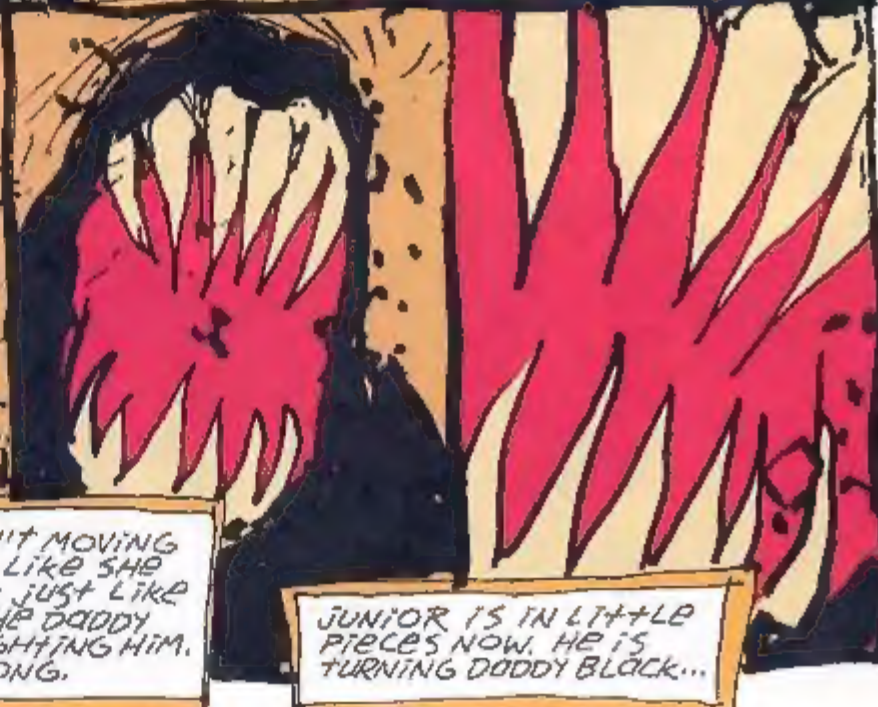


HE IS GROBBING THE MOMMY AND IS TEORING HER INTO LITTLE PIECES.

THE MOMMY IS GONE NOW! BUT NOW HE IS CHOSING THE LITTLE GIRL.



SHE CAN'T RUN FAST. I CAN'T HELP HER I'M TOO BIG!



THE LITTLE GIRL ISN'T MOVING ANYMORE. IT LOOKS LIKE SHE HAS TURNED BLACK JUST LIKE THE MEONIE. NOW THE DADDY AND JUNIOR ARE FIGHTING HIM, BUT HE IS TOO STRONG.

JUNIOR IS IN LITTLE PIECES NOW. HE IS TURNING DADDY BLACK...

WHY DON'T YOU PUT HER IN THE HOSPITAL?

SHE'S IN A COMA, CHRISTINE. IF "APRIL DANCER" HAS MUTATED TO TAKE HUMAN PRISONERS, I NEED TO KEEP--

WAIT--WAS MAGGIE IN THE LAB? WAS SHE IN MY THINGS?!

WELL, YES, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO GET HER IN TROUBLE--

WHAT WERE YOU THINKING? THESE THINGS AREN'T TOYS!

I CAN'T WATCH HER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY!

JUST WHEN CAN YOU WATCH HER, MRS. GOLDEN?!

CRASSH!
THUD!

WHAT'S THAT?

I FOUND IT IN HER BED THIS MORNING.

CHRIST! THE CAT MUST HAVE DRAGGED IT IN... PUT IT OVER ON THE EXAMINATION TABLE!...

...AND CATCH THAT GODDAMN THING!

THEY'RE DEAD, HONEY. THEY WERE JUST GERMS. THEY WEREN'T PEOPLE. AND YOU'RE ALL BETTER NOW.

THE CAT GOES TO THE LAB, MAGGIE...

OW! FILTHY BEAST!

KITTY.

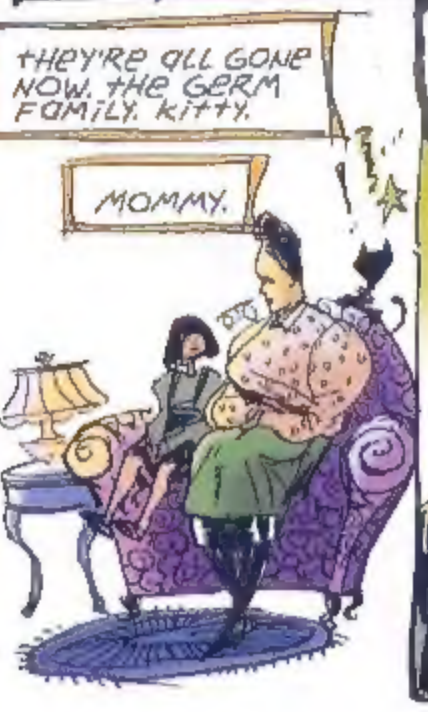
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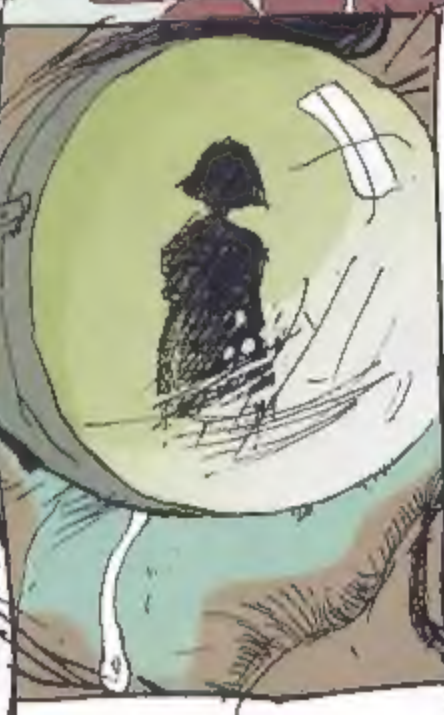
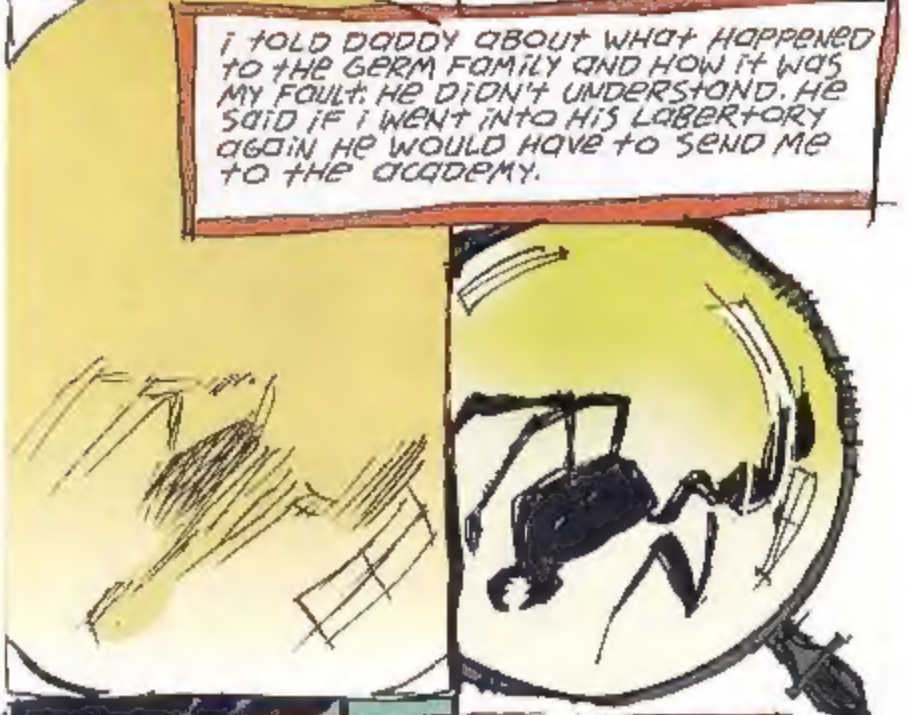
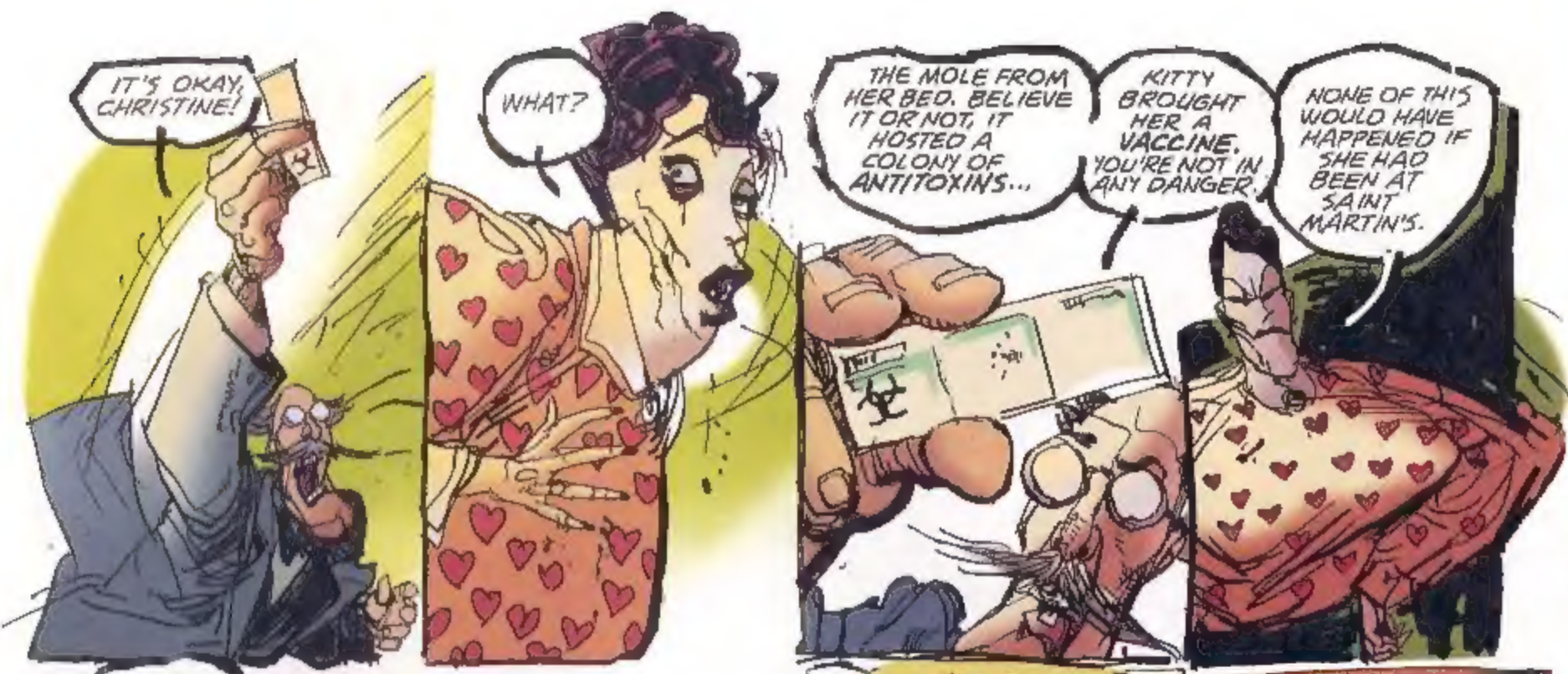
OMIGOD! THE PLAGUE!

THEY'RE ALL GONE NOW. THE GERM FAMILY, KITTY.

MOMMY.

MEEOW!





END

MONDAY, 5:25 PM.

FACE IT, SHAWN, IT'S
JUST PART OF THE WHOLE
**MALE PERSONA. IT'S IN THEIR
BLOOD TO NEED TO BE RIGHT**
ALL THE TIME. TRUST ME: ALAN,
IN HIS OWN SUBTLE WAY,
LOVES TO PROVE ME WRONG.

WELL, NO OFFENSE, I'D ALWAYS THOUGHT MORE HIGHLY OF JIM, BUT RECENTLY IT'S BEEN INSUFFERABLE. HE MAKES LITTLE **BETS** ALL THE TIME WITH ME, WINKING EACH TIME. "I'LL BET YOU A **DOLLAR**, JUST TO MAKE IT **INTERESTING**."

IT ISN'T
INTERESTING, IT'S JUST
ANNOYING.

IF IT'S AS
BAD AS ALL THAT,
WHY NOT **CONFRONT**
HIM ABOUT IT? IT SOUNDS
LIKE HE'S BEING A REAL
ASSHOLE.

I'VE SPOKEN
TO HIM ABOUT IT
PLENTY. HE NEEDS
TO BE PROVEN
WRONG. THAT'S THE
ONLY THING THAT'LL
HUMBLE HIM.

WHATEVER.
IT'S YOUR
FUNERAL.

HEY, AT LEAST
YOU DON'T LIVE WITH
THE GWY. YOU BOTH
HAVE YOUR OWN PLACES
TO COOL OUT.

I SUPPOSE,
SEE YOU
TOMORROW.

INTO THE
INFERNO

**FOUND OBJECT
FOUND OBJECT**

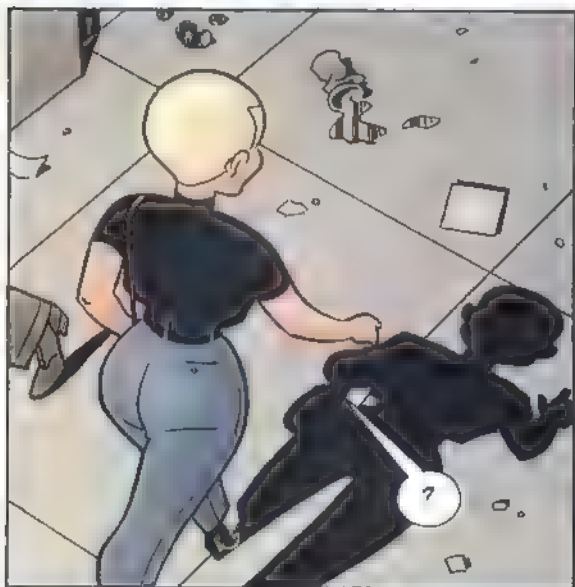
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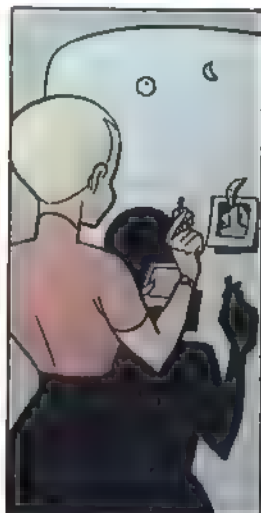
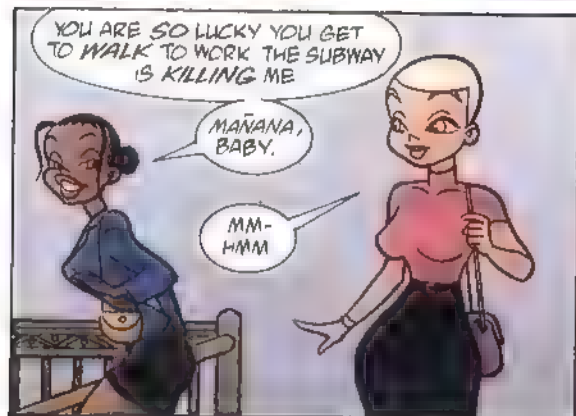
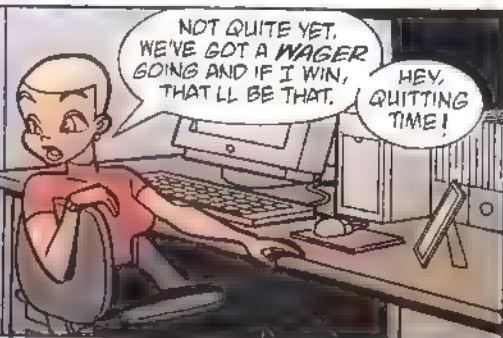
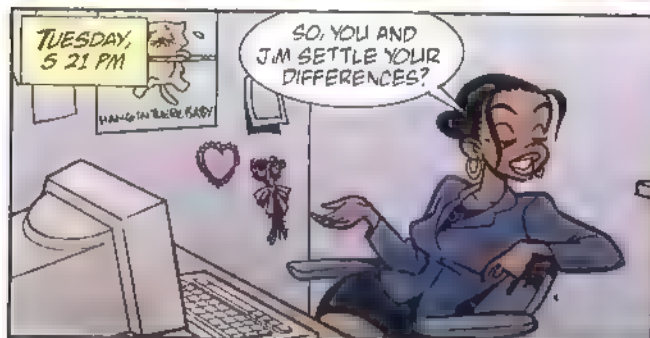
Illustrated by
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Colored by **MATT HOLLINGSWORTH**

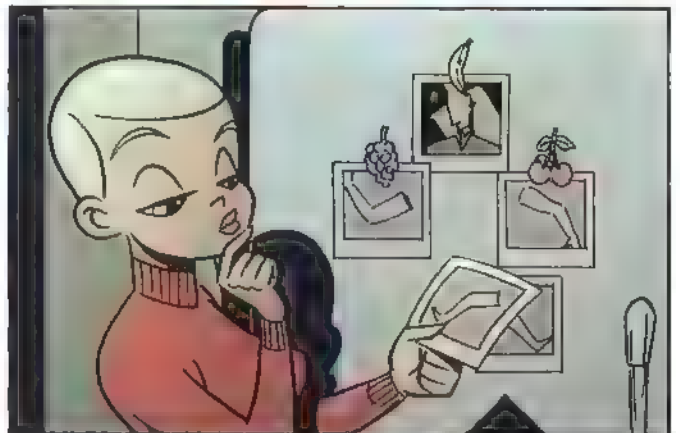
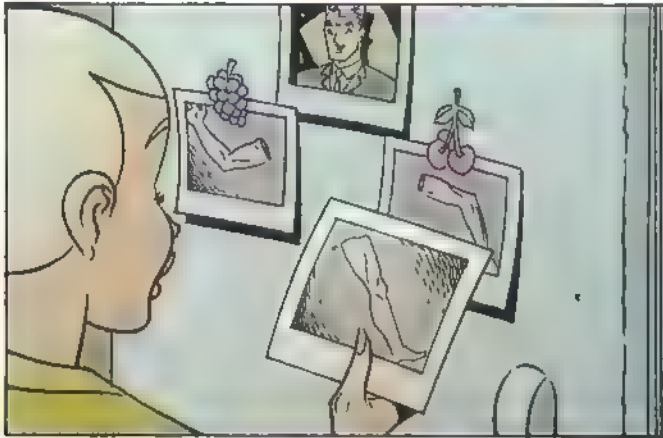
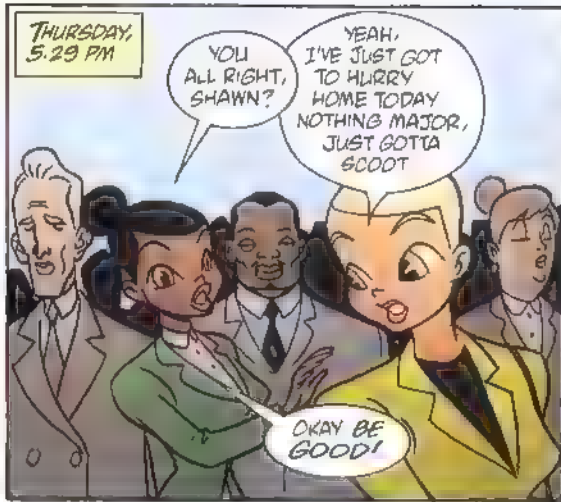
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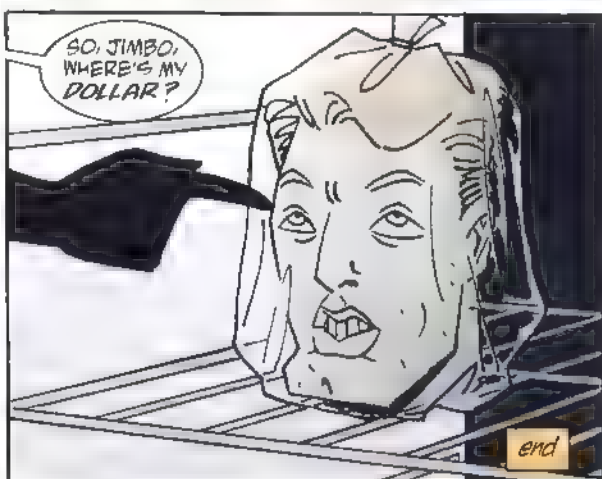
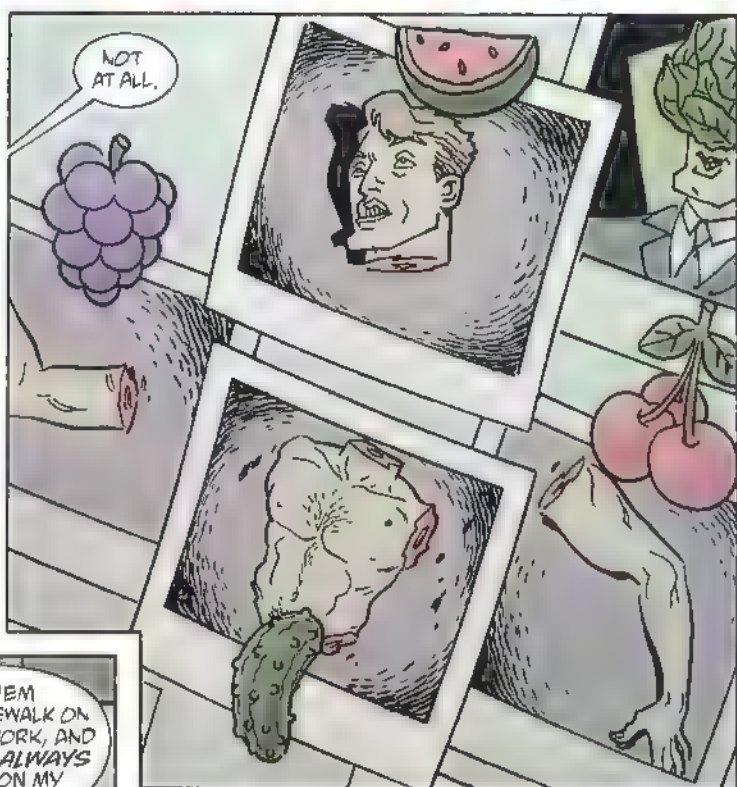
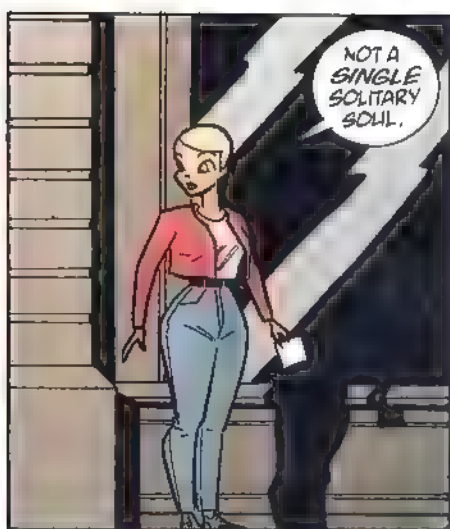
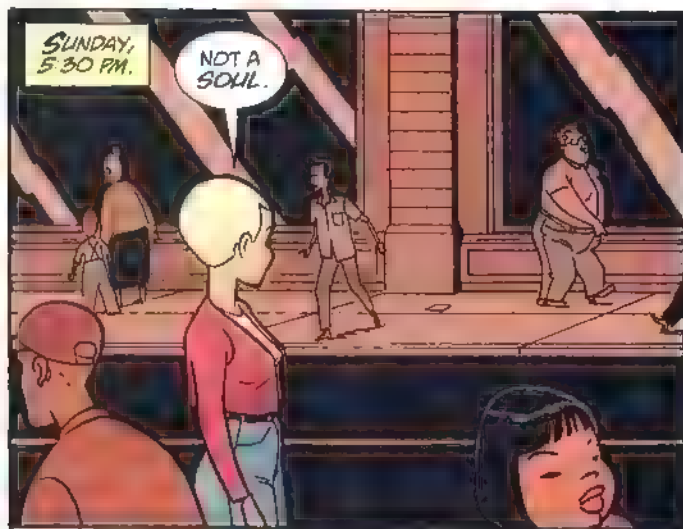
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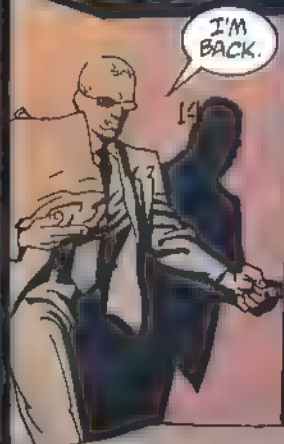


...THOUGH PRIMARILY
SCAVENGERS, HYENAS
CAN BE BRUTAL PREDATORS
IN THEIR OWN RIGHT.

HUNTING IN PACKS,
THEY TEAR AT THE
MAMMARY GLANDS
AND ABDOMEN OF THEIR
PREY, IN AN ATTEMPT TO
SPILL OUT THE VISCERA,
THEREBY MORTALLY WOUND-
ING THE ANIMAL.

THOUGH THEY
POSSESS ONLY THIRTY-
FOUR TEETH, THESE ARE
EXTREMELY STRONG AND
AUGMENTED BY POWER-
FUL JAW MUSCLES...

...EASILY
CAPABLE OF
CRUSHING
BONES.



I'M
BACK.



GREAT, I'M
STARVIN'!

SAY, WHISTLER,
YOU KNOW WHAT'S
BETTER THAN
WINNING A GOLD
MEDAL AT THE
SPECIAL
OLYMPICS?

NO,
WHAT?

BEING
ABLE TO
SPELL YOUR
NAME.

SO, I
MISS ANYTHING
EXCITING,
TURRO?

NAH, IT'S
JUST ABOUT TO
GET GOOD.

HA HA

food chain

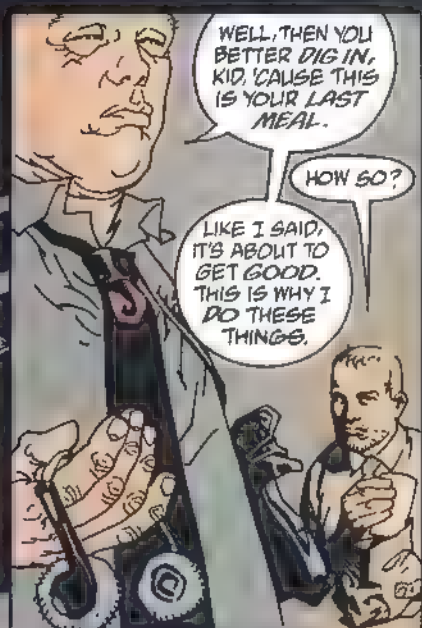
written by BRIAN AZZARELLO illustrated by EDUARDO RISSO
colored by GRANT GOLEASH separations by DIGITAL CHAMELEON
lettered by CLEM ROBINS edited by AXEL ALONSO



YOU
SURE LIKE
THOSE NATURE
SHOWS.

HUH? OH,
YEAH, I GUESS,
WHERE'D YOU END
UP GOIN'?

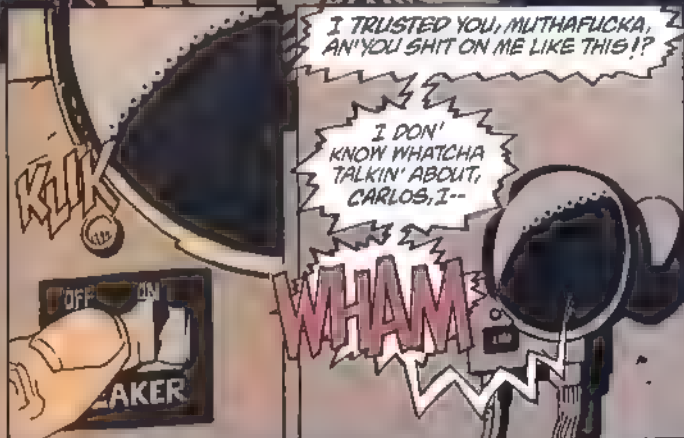
THAT RIB JOINT
AROUN' THE CORNER.
I TELL YA, I'M REALLY
GONNA MISS THIS PLACE
ONCE THE STAKEOUTS
WRAPPED UP.



WELL, THEN YOU
BETTER DIG IN,
KID, 'CAUSE THIS
IS YOUR LAST
MEAL.

HOW SO?

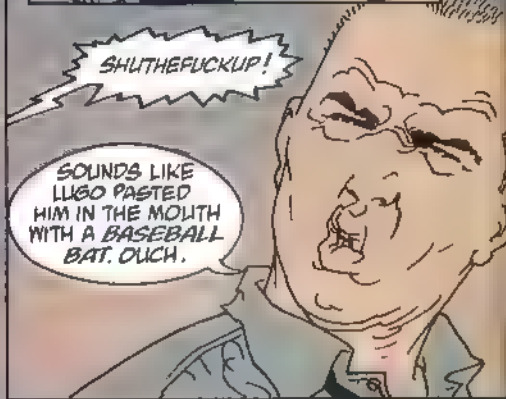
LIKE I SAID,
IT'S ABOUT TO
GET GOOD.
THIS IS WHY I
DO THESE
THINGS.



I TRUSTED YOU, MUTHAFUCKA,
AN' YOU SHIT ON ME LIKE THIS!?

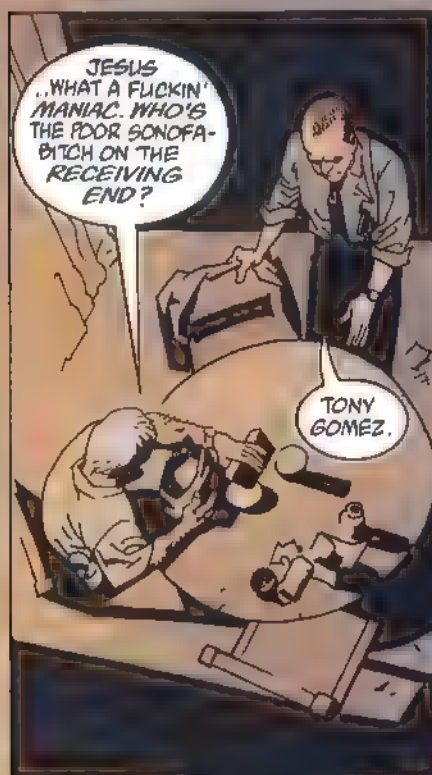
I DON'
KNOW WHATCHA
TALKIN' ABOUT,
CARLOS, I--

WHAM



SHUTHEFUCKUP!

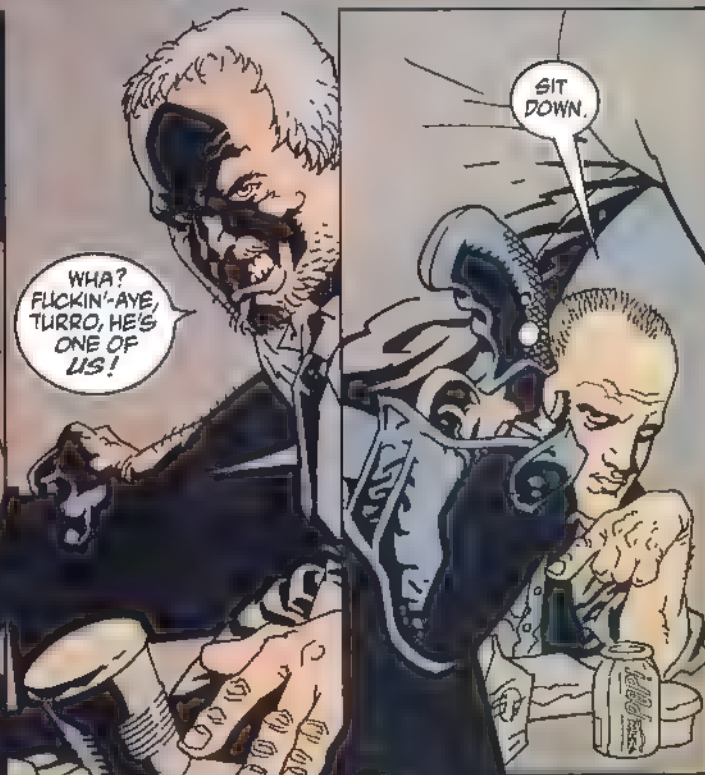
SOUNDS LIKE
LUGO PASTED
HIM IN THE MOUTH
WITH A BASEBALL
BAT. OUCH.



JESUS
..WHAT A FUCKIN'
MANIAC. WHO'S
THE POOR SONOFA-
BITCH ON THE
RECEIVING
END?

TONY
GOMEZ.

WHA?
FUCKIN'-AYE,
TURRO, HE'S
ONE OF
US!



SIT
DOWN.



GOMEZ...MAN, HE'S BEEN UNDERCOVER 'BOUT TWO YEARS--

NO SHIT, SHERLOCK. JUS' COOL YER JETS

SEE, SOME ASSHOLE TIPPED OFF LUGO--



YOU MEAN TONY'S COVER'S BLOWN--?

RELAX. SEÑOR LUGO WAS TOLD OUR MAN'S BEEN SCHEMIN' WITH THE JAMAICANS. STUPID SPIC'S GOT NO FUCKIN' IDEA TONY GOMEZ IS FBI.

HE JUST THINKS ONE OF HIS HOME-BOYS BEEN SELLIN' HIM OUT.

WE CAN'T--



WHY NOT?

THIS WAY, WE NAIL THAT DRUG-PEDDLIN' BASTARD, AN' IF THE JURY'S GOT ANY STONES, HE FRIES.

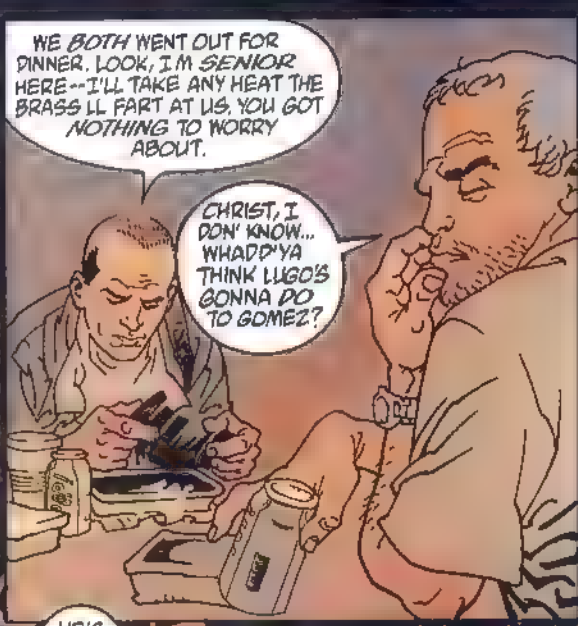


GOMEZ IS DIRTY, ANYWAY...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

JUS' A FEELIN' I GOT. BEEN AT THIS A LOT LONGER THAN YOU I SEE THINGS, MAY- BE YOU DON'T

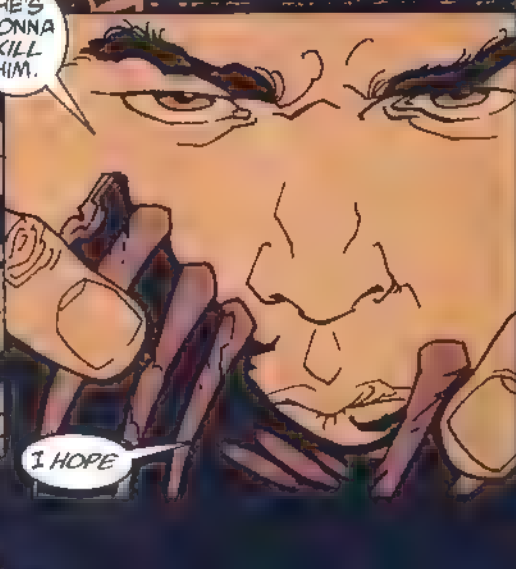
HOW WE GONNA--?



WE BOTH WENT OUT FOR DINNER. LOOK, I'M SENIOR HERE--I'LL TAKE ANY HEAT THE BRASS LL FART AT US, YOU GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

CHRIST, I DON' KNOW... WHADD'YA THINK LUGO'S GONNA DO TO GOMEZ?

HE'S GONNA KILL HIM.



I HOPE

PICK 'IM UP.
TAKE HIS FUCKIN'
PANTS OFF.

MURDER,
THOUGH--MURDER
RECORDED ON TAPE
--THAT'S DEATH ROW
FOR CARLOS LUGO.
CAPISCE?

YOU FUCK
ME, TONY, I
GOT NEWS
FOR YOU:
I FUCK
BACK.

OH MAN,
LOOKIT.

EMILIO,
GIMME THAT
KNIFE.

LOOK, KID, LEMME
TELL YOU HOW IT IS, WE
BEEN ON LUGO'S SORRY
ASS FOR HOW MANY
MONTHS, AN'
WHAT WE GOT?

JACKSHIT.
BUPKISS

YAAAAAR

OH YEAH--
THAT'S MORE
LIKE IT.

GOOD
FOR YOU TOO,
TONY?

MAN O MAN...

I THINK
I'M GONNA BE
SICK...

WHAT, YOU
THINK LUGO WAS
JUST GONNA CAP A
COUPLE SLUGS
IN GOMEZ'S HEAD,
ALL NEAT AN'
TIDY?

NOT QUITE
THE WAY YOU
FIGURED IT'D GO
DOWN, KUH?

THAT'S
RIGHT.

I KNOW
IT WAS YOU WHO
TOLD LUGO THAT
GOMEZ WAS MAKIN'
NICE-NICE WITH
THEM JAMAICAN
RUDE BOYS.



WAIT A
MINUTE...YOU
CAN'T BE
SERIOUS...

AS A
HEART
ATTACK,
WHISTLER.

THAT'S
NOT ALL
I KNOW,
EITHER.



I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN
BALLIN' GOMEZ'S WIFE FER
THE PAST YEAR, TOO, STUP.



IN LAW
ENFORCEMENT
CIRCLES, THAT'S WHAT
WHAT WE CALL
MOTIVE.

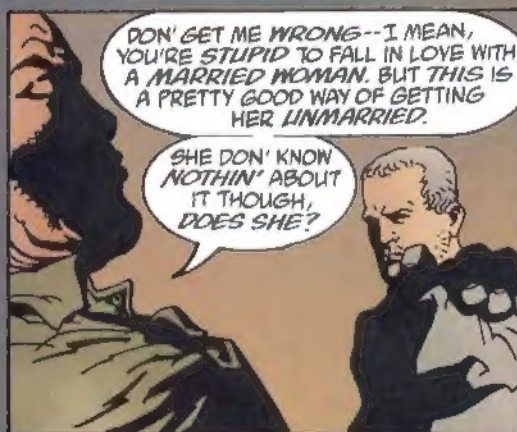
YOU
CAN'T--

WRONG. I
CAN. BUT I
WON'T LIKE I SAID,
I WANT THAT SCUM-
FUCK LUGO OFF THE
STREETS AN'
INTO THE GAS
CHAMBER.



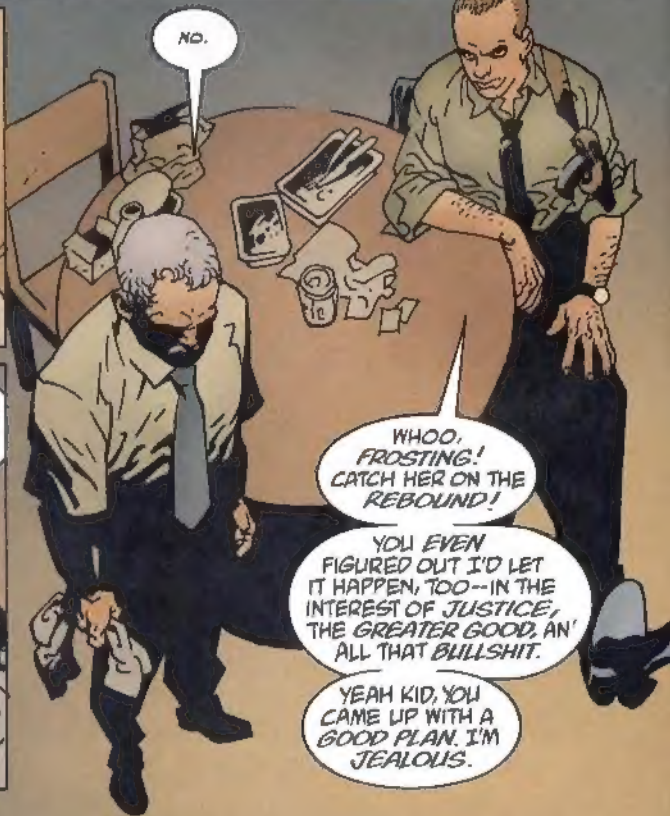
ANYBODY
ELSE WANNA
TURN? C'MERE,
EMILIO, LAY
SOME PIPE...

AN' THIS
IS A QUICK
WAY OF
GETTIN' WHAT
I WANT.



DON' GET ME WRONG--I MEAN,
YOU'RE STUPID TO FALL IN LOVE WITH
A MARRIED WOMAN. BUT THIS IS
A PRETTY GOOD WAY OF GETTING
HER UNMARRIED.

SHE DON' KNOW
NOTHIN' ABOUT
IT THOUGH,
DOES SHE?



NO.

WHOO,
FROSTING!
CATCH HER ON THE
REBOUND!

YOU EVEN
FIGURED OUT I'D LET
IT HAPPEN, TOO--IN THE
INTEREST OF JUSTICE,
THE GREATER GOOD, AN'
ALL THAT BULLSHIT.

YEAH KID, YOU
CAME UP WITH A
GOOD PLAN. I'M
JEALOUS.



WHY? YOU FIGURED IT OUT...

THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT.

YOU KNOW SHE WAS A MODEL?

THAT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME.



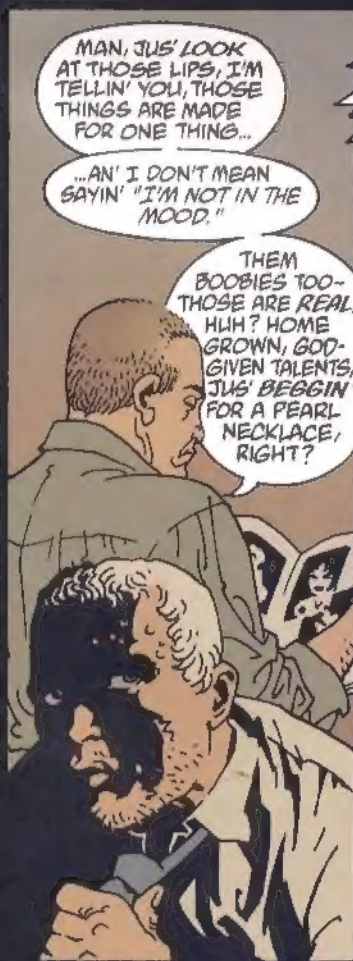
OH YEAH, BACK BEFORE SHE WAS MRS. GOMEZ...



YOU'RE KIDDIN'...

MARCH '92, BIG GULP OF THE MONTH.

WHAT? YOU DIDN'T KNOW? MAN, I THOUGHT YOU WERE SHARP...



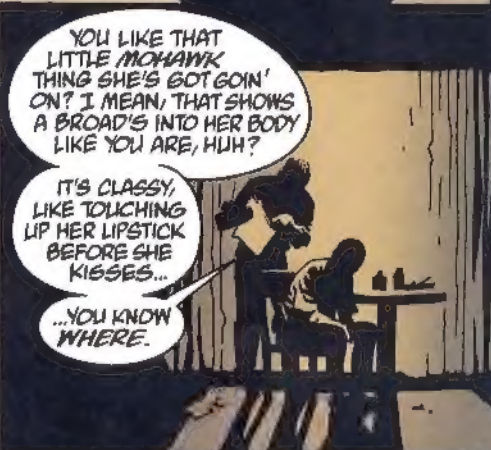
MAN, JUS' LOOK AT THOSE LIPS, I'M TELLIN' YOU, THOSE THINGS ARE MADE FOR ONE THING...

...AN' I DON'T MEAN SAYIN' 'I'M NOT IN THE MOOD.'

THEM BOOBIES TOO- THOSE ARE REAL, HUH? HOME GROWN, GOD-GIVEN TALENTS, JUS' BEGGIN' FOR A PEARL NECKLACE, RIGHT?



THAT WAS GOOD, TOO BAD I DON'T SMOKE. WE GOT WHISKEY?



YOU LIKE THAT LITTLE MOHAWK THING SHE'S GOT GOIN' ON? I MEAN, THAT SHOWS A BROAD'S INTO HER BODY LIKE YOU ARE, HUH?

IT'S CLASSY, LIKE TOUCHING UP HER LIPSTICK BEFORE SHE KISSES...

...YOU KNOW WHERE.



NOW THAT'S A FUCKIN' TURN-ON.

EMILIO, HOW 'BOUT A DRINK FOR MY BITCH TONY?



